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STORY OF SERAPHINA.

At the great annual fair at Francfort, an immense concourse of people assembles from all quarters of Europe, and among others, at this time the Lady d'Alberto, and the young Seraphina, her niece, from beyond the Alps. The Signora Bianca was the widow of an officer, whose brother, also in the Army, had been killed in endeavouring to screen him from the fatal effect of a blow, which was aimed at him by a desperate enemy. The brother Ferdinand d'Alberto, received the wound, and after struggling a few minutes expired in his arms. The last word that trembled on his lips, was *Seraphina*! This was sufficient for the colonel—he, from that moment considered Seraphina as the sacred legacy of his dying brother; and as soon as he returned from the campaign, introduced the young orphan (for her mother had died in giving her life) to his wife, the affectionate and virtuous Bianca, who readily adopted the interesting charge, and had ever treated her with maternal affection.

After the death of the Colonel, who had fallen in a subsequent action, the Lady Bianca was attacked by a slow

consuming illness, which had long preyed upon her constitution, and which it was apprehended would carry her prematurely to her grave. To avert effects so fatal, the physicians, who resembled those of the eighteenth century, finding they could do no more for her at home, prescribed what they ought to have done at first, and ordered her to travel.

Having reached Francfort near the time of the fair, she determined to avail herself of the opportunity to show Seraphina a little of the world. In those days it was not thought a duty incumbent on parents and guardians to attend their young charges to every place of dissipation; nor had it been the fashion to do so during the youth of the Lady Bianca! The good lady knew very little, therefore, of the world to which she now undertook to introduce her niece. Pious and innocent, she had concerned herself very little about the cultivation of her mind, and had grown to old age in an ignorance, wonderful at a period so enlightened as the fifteenth century. She regularly told her beads, and had left considerable sums to pay for masses for the soul of her deceased d'Alberto—a ceremony she would have thought herself culpable to omit, because she doubt-

ed not of its power to abridge the period of his remaining in purgatory.

But with respect to the management of so subtle, so volatile, so spiritual an essence as a girl of sixteen, no one could be more unfit for such a task than the good Lady Bianca. She was not, however, aware of her incapacity; for Seraphina, though she sometimes perceived blunders in her aunt's conduct, yet never noticed them, but contented herself with counteracting their effect by the prudence and propriety of her own manner; and as she paid the most implicit respect and deference to the Signora, that venerable relative continued to think her prudent management the reason why so young and so lovely a creature as Seraphina preserved such invariable good conduct. She loved her niece as much as she was capable of loving, and Seraphina returned her affection with the most unblemished piety. The Lady Bianca thought her young charge the most beautiful being on earth: if the young lady did not give her aunt the same exclusive praise for wisdom, it was because she doubted her own powers of making the comparison. In all the wayward caprices of bad health, and worse spirits, Seraphina had been her attentive and patient nurse, had obviated every inconvenience, and sweetened every difficulty with a gentle assiduity that did honour to her heart and to her understanding; and now accompanied her in her slow and toilsome peregrination across a vast and rugged country, in the fond hope of seeing her aunt revive from so continued a change of air, and of receiving pleasure and improvement herself from a succession of new and various objects. The Colonel Alberto had fallen in Germany, and it was to visit his tomb that the Signora had crossed the Alps, and encountered

all the fatigues of a long and painful journey; but the end in view had sanctified the crusade for Bianca, and the amusements of every moment rendered it charming to Seraphina!

Notwithstanding their good-will, however, as travelling was not then arranged in the commodious manner it is at present, our two females found themselves fatigued with the flying German waggon, and thought it fortunate that the fair at Francfort offered them a reasonable pretext for staying at that city long enough to refresh themselves; and having happily obtained a decent chamber, they contented themselves with the accommodations which a place so very full could afford them, and amused themselves all day long with the various diversions of the town. A bull-fight succeeded to a horse-race, a mystery to a boxing-match. Seraphina, who had never heard of so much dissipation, was enchanted; and but for the thick black veil which concealed her face and figure, would have enchanted every youth in Francfort: but the Signora Bianca thought the tramontanes unworthy of so bright a gem, and resolved to preserve her niece for some Italian Cavalier.

One day they followed the crowd to view the wonderful tricks of a conjuror, who, in league with a Gipsy, performed such astonishing feats, that it was the general opinion throughout Francfort that he was certainly, if not the great devil himself, at least his Prime Minister and favourite agent. The dead could not rest quiet in their tombs for him, nor the pocket-books, rings, and watches of the spectators in their pockets. True, they were not always losers by his tricks:—a topaz from one lady's finger was often exchanged for an emerald from another's; and the three-tailed wig of a counsellor was perhaps replaced by

the full dressed *tête* of an antiquated belle. The metamorphoses thus effected, had a singular and grotesque effect ; but the company ceased laughing at these ludicrous exertions of his power, to wonder at his insight into the past, and his predictions of the future—predictions so mysterious and unintelligible, as fully exercised the talents of those to whom they were addressed, while they impressed their minds with a strong conviction of truth.—By oracles so impressive, he stimulated curiosity, and excited interest. Every one pressed to him to be told that which had already befallen him ; and by the accuracy in that respect, to judge of the probability of his prophecies, when he suddenly proposed to unveil the secret thoughts of any person present. Incredulity sat on the stretched features of every individual, and but few presented themselves to the test. Every one, however, who made the trial, confessed in their turn that he had really read in their hearts, and discovered their hidden imaginations.

He at length approached the seat where the Signora Bianca and the youthful Seraphina were placed ; and after passing some unimportant tricks on the aunt, proposed to shew to the niece the whole progress of her future life. Seraphina shrunk back, blushing and dismayed ; nor could all the encouragement of her aunt induce her to submit to such an exhibition. The Gipsy and the conjuror now gave the company to understand that they would make her a party without her acquiescence ; and were even proceeding to take some steps for that purpose, when a loud and solemn voice uttered, ‘ If thou darest, GORTZ ! ’

The magician hesitated, and turned pale ; he remounted the elevated seat he had quitted to address Seraphina, and cast a wistful look through the

crowd ; but he drew back his eyes with an expression of disappointment, while the spectators, full of astonishment, enquired in vain “ Who ” had spoken. No one could point out the person who had uttered words that had so instantaneous and awful an effect on the multitude. Curiosity was suspended, or rather directed to a new object ; nor did Gortz for some minutes seem anxious to recal it to himself. He was too deeply engaged in a scrutinizing survey of his audience, to make any attempt to renew the diversions.

At length, he seemed to be dubiously satisfied, and again left his exalted station.—He performed, with less dexterity than before, some of his former feats, and the agitation of his mind was visible in the perturbation of his manners. He proceeded, however, and meeting with no further interruption, gradually recovered his spirits ; though, not unfrequently, he turned suddenly round to examine those nearest him.—At length, he proposed to shew to Seraphina the form of her future husband. She tremblingly replied that she had no curiosity, and besought her aunt to quit the place, and return home. The Signora Bianca, however, whether she had more curiosity than her niece, or whether she did not credit the indifference of so young a creature on a subject so interesting, encouraged the man to proceed, assuring Seraphina that there could be no harm in it, as it was done so publicly, and that it could not be a real ghost, because the man that was to be her husband, could not be yet dead, and therefore she needed not to be alarmed.

Seraphina remonstrated against the illegality, not to say the impiety, of these proceedings ; she alledged that, in order to shew the appearance of a living person, it was necessary to throw them into a lethargic state, and to separate the soul,



from the body,—that this could only be done by the most horrid incantations, equally revolting both to humanity and true religion; and concluded by reiterating her request to be spared this time, and to be allowed to return home, both which requests the Signora Bianca, who felt a childish curiosity, and amusement in all that passed, decidedly refused; and Gortz proceeded in his preparations for the intended display of his power. He addressed Seraphina in an awful tone of voice, beseeching her not to be alarmed; she whose countenance was all innocence and virtue, need not, he assured her, to admit any fear.

"I cannot endure," replied she firmly, "to witness these nefarious arts; I conjure you, by all that is sacred, to desist!"

The same voice repeated—'GORTZ?'

The magician trembled more than before, and it was longer before he recovered. At length, however, Signora Bianca desired to be told her future fortune, and withdrew with Gortz to a remote corner of the room. Seraphina was not allowed to follow, and she trembled at finding herself thus left alone in the midst of strangers, from whose notice her thick veil did not now obscure her. She looked with anxiety at her aunt, wishing she would return, when, on turning her head on one side, she perceived at her elbow a tall man, of a most singular appearance, whose whole attention seemed engrossed by her. Surprised that she had not before remarked so extraordinary a person, and alarmed, she knew not wherefore, at his steady gaze, she would have crossed the room to the spot where her aunt yet remained in close conference with Gortz, but her trembling limbs were unequal to support her; a thousand times she wished herself out of this scene of magic and

infernal incantation, but she had no means of quitting it. Even were she out of it, she was ignorant of the way back to her hotel, and even had she known the way, she dared not have exposed herself to traverse alone the streets of Francfort, at a moment when it was so crowded with idle and dissolute company.—She could not contemplate the appearance of the strange man beside her, though he as fully engrossed her thoughts, as she did his gaze. His eyes were fixed upon her, and which ever way she turned, she seemed to feel their piercing brilliancy.

At length the Signora Bianca returned to her seat, apparently much pleased with the communications of Gortz. Seraphina now, with redoubled earnestness, besought her to return home; but the old lady assured her there was much to come still more worthy of their attention than any thing they had yet seen, and reiterated her declaration that there was nothing to fear.

After a while, Gortz again approached her, and seemed determined, by a species of artificial courage, to proceed in his incantations. She was about to speak again, when she felt herself touched on the shoulder next her gazing companion. She looked round, and he said in a voice, which, though softened to female tenderness, she instantly recognised for the same that had already twice checked Gortz—"Suffer him to continue, and fear not! I will protect you!"

As much terrified at the mysterious protection thus offered her, as at the settled purpose of Gortz, she would have turned to renew her solicitations to her aunt, but she found herself unable to articulate. She gazed, therefore, in vacant silence, at the magician. At herself-erected protector she dared not look. She knew not how to define, even to herself, the feeling that prevented

ed her from observing him ; but she continued conscious to the emanations of his eyes. Gortz meanwhile proceeded, yet every now and then cast an eager and enquiring glance around, and seemed overcome with some indescribable emotion. He frequently turned his eyes on the spot where the extraordinary stranger still remained, as if something there annoyed him ; yet the stranger addressed him not, nor seemed to take any measure to interrupt his proceedings.

Gortz kindled a fire, and drew a circle round it. He stepped within the circle, and muttered some unintelligible words as he threw into the fire a number of ingredients that he drew from a bag beneath his garments. Seraphina saw but imperfectly what he threw in, yet some things appeared to her like different parts of a human body. Shuddering with horror, she turned involuntarily to see how her strange companion looked, but he was gone. She was much surprised ; she had not been conscious of his departure, and she had thought, but a moment before, that she had been sensible of the singular effect of his eyes. Alarmed at this circumstance, she knew not what to conclude, and was half inclined to believe that the extraordinary effect his eyes seemed to have had upon her, must have arisen from her imagination being strongly impressed with wildness and terror.

Gortz now stepped out of the circle, and spoke in a low voice to the Gipsy ; but he kept his wand still within the mystic line. He returned, continued his incantations, and appeared much dismayed. The fire burnt very dimly, and the Gipsy handed him a cruise, which he emptied on the fire. It hissed extremely, and a column of thick black smoke enveloped the magician.

The voice of Gortz was heard from

the midst of the obscurity, exclaiming, "It is thou, VOLKMAAR !---At length the smoke dissipated, but the fire was extinguished. Without quitting the circle, Gortz rekindled the fire, and called aloud on Seraphina to advance within the hallowed line. The Signora Bianca bade her go. Seraphina shuddered and hesitated. The aunt repeated her orders, when --- (To be continued.)

### THE ELEPHANT.

Of this genus two species are at present known as inhabitants of the earth. The one which is confined to Africa, is named the African Elephant ; the other which is a native of Asia is named the Asiatic Elephant. Only one fossil species has hitherto been discovered—it is the *Mammoth* of the Russians ;—bones of this animal have been dug up in Sweden ; and Cuvier conjectures that the bones of supposed giants, mentioned by the celebrated Bishop Pontoppidan, as having been found in Norway, are remains of the fossil Elephant. These bones are found in many countries, but it is in Asiatic Russia that they occur in the greatest abundance. Professor Pallas says, that from the Don to Tchutskoinoss, there is scarcely a river, the bank of which does not afford the remains of the Mammoth. One of the most interesting instances on record, of the preservation of this animal, is given by M. Cuvier, in the following relation :—*Boat. Ev. Gaz.*

'In the year 1799, a Tanguisian fisherman observed a strange shapeless mass, projecting from an ice bank near the mouth of a river in the north of Siberia, the nature of which he did not understand, and which was so high in the back as to be beyond his reach. He next year observed the same object, which was then rather more disengaged from among the ice, but still was unable

to conceive what it was. Towards the end of the following summer, 1801, he could distinctly see that it was the frozen carcass of an enormous animal, the entire flank of which, and one of its tusks had become disengaged from the ice. In consequence of the ice beginning to melt earlier, and to a greater degree than usual in 1806, the fifth year of this discovery, the enormous carcass became entirely disengaged, and fell down from the ice-cragg on a sand-bank, forming part of the coast of the ARCTIC OCEAN.—In the month of March, of that year, the Tungusian, I believe, carried away the two tusks, which he sold for the value of fifty rubles; and at this time a drawing was made of the animal.

‘In 1806, Mr. Adams, member of the Academy of St. Petersburg, went to examine this animal, which still remained in the sand-bank, but its body was then greatly mutilated. The people of the neighborhood had taken away considerable quantities of its flesh to feed their dogs: and the wild animals, particularly the white bears, had also feasted on the carcass: yet the skeleton remained entire, except that one of the fore-legs was gone. The entire spine, the pelvis, one shoulder blade, and three legs were still held together by their ligaments and by some remains of the skin, and the other shoulder blade was found at a short distance. The head remained, covered by the dried skin, and the pupil of the eyes was still distinguishable. The brain also remained within the skull, but a great deal shrunk and dried up; and one of the ears was in excellent preservation, still retaining a tuft of strong bristly hair. The upper lip was a good deal eaten away, and the under lip was entirely gone, so that the teeth were distinctly seen. The animal was a male, and had a long mane on its neck.

‘The skin was extremely thick and heavy, and as much remained of it as required the exertions of ten men to carry away, which they did with difficulty.—More than 30 pounds weight of the hair had been trampled into the mud by the white bears, which was gathered from the bank. The hair consists of three distinct kinds: one of these is stiff black bristles, a foot or more in length; another is thinner bristles, or coarse flexible hair of a reddish brown colour, and the third is a coarse reddish brown and which grow among the roots of the long hair: these afford undeniable proof that this animal belonged to a race of Elephants inhabiting a cold region, with which we now are unacquainted. It is also evident that this enormous animal must have been frozen up by the ice at the moment of its death.’

*Jameson's Notes on Cuvier.*

#### INDIAN GENIUS.

ALTHOUGH we are not such enthusiasts, or admirers of the qualifications of a savage life, as the secretary of war; yet we have both seen and heard of such examples of extraordinary talents in the aborigines of this country, as cause us to deplore the unhappy fate of the Indian tribes. Perhaps the civilized nations of Europe are not able to produce an individual of the same astonishing powers as were exhibited by a young chief of the Sacs, a tribe of Indians who inhabit the banks of the Mississippi, above the river Illinois.

I was at Frankfort, in the state of Kentucky, in December 1805, when upwards of thirty Indian chiefs, from the nations who reside upon the Missouri and the Mississippi, arrived on their way to a visit to president Jefferson. Among these chiefs was a young Sac, between 17 and 18 years of age. It



was the first time he had ever been in a white settlement; and previous to his coming to St. Louis, had never even seen a mortal but the natives of his woods. His stature was five feet ten and one-half inches. The proportion of his limbs was equal to that of those exquisite models of art, which the genius of antiquity has left as a standard for modern taste. His complexion, and the skin of his body, although not so fair as the Osages, (who are as white as the citizens of the United States.) were not near so dark as that of the other Indians. His eyes were entirely destitute of that dark ferocity, which is a general characteristic of the Indian tribes. They were quick and penetrating, and at the same time had that placid regard that always fascinates and attracts attention. His face, it is true, was painted: but even in this he displayed a taste uncommon to savages. The colours were laid on and blended together with all the art and delicacy of a theatrical performer. I never beheld a youth who seemed so much to realize that picture which the pen of Xenophon has drawn of young Cyrus, when residing with his grandfather Astyges.—But the mental talents of this youthful Sac far surpassed the charms of his person.

The astonishing powers of memory he possessed, I discovered in the following manner:—I was curious to know in what manner he would pronounce the words of different languages, and to ascertain what language of those which I understood, the organs of his speech were best adapted to express. Upon reading several lines of English, I was surprised to find he repeated the same immediately after me, without the mistake of a single word. To determine whether this was the effect of memory alone, I took up a volume of the minor Greek poets, and read twenty

lines of Bion's epitaph on the death of Adonis. The sonorous melody for which this little poem is so remarkable, was the cause of selecting it. He recited the twenty lines after me, with an error of only four words. This was a specimen of memory which I believe few of the best Greek scholars can boast, of being able to recite twenty lines of Greek verse from a single reading.—I next read twenty lines from the pastoral of Virgil. He had more difficulty in recollecting these. However, after several repetitions, he accomplished it. I now made a trial of English poetry, and read the same number of lines from the first book of Pope's translation from the Iliad.—These he recollected after twice reading. The most remarkable circumstance was, that he recited all those lines of Greek, and Latin, and English, the next day, without any practice in the mean time. The talent he possessed for communicating his ideas, as well as for receiving others, was also extraordinary. Although he was much a stranger to the English language, as the language of the Sac was foreign to me, yet, after the first day, we experienced no difficulty in exchanging with each other our sentiments upon all subjects. He remained in Frankfort seven or eight days, during which time I made it my business to enjoy exclusively his company.

I have seldom met with an artist who had a more refined taste, or a more accurate eye in sketching the beauties of nature than he had.—Although it was the month of December, yet the weather was uncommonly dry and mild; and we amused ourselves some hours in each day in delineating the picturesque scenery with which Frankfort is surrounded. The observations and remarks which he made in our walks were such as might have been expected from one conver-

sant with the works of Poussin, Salvator Rosa, or Claude de Lorraine. The interest which I felt for this extraordinary youth, induced me to make an application to Mr. Jefferson, expressive of my desire that he should be retained in the United States, and educated in some respectable seminary. The president was pleased to favour me with an answer on the subject, concurring with me in the same wish, but stating, that from the unfortunate circumstance of several of the Sacs having died on their visit to Washington, it was thought proper that he and his surviving companions should be restored to their native country. They returned by a different route from Kentucky, so that I never had an opportunity of seeing him again.—*Petersburgh Intelligencer.*

#### OF MUSIC,

Most nations have coincided with the idea, that music in religious ceremonies is acceptable to the deity. The Egyptians delighted their God Osiris with the Sistra. The Magi of the Persians played upon harps in honour of the sun; the Brahmins of India were accustomed to hail the first appearance of morning in the same manner; the Hindoos believe, that the deities, presiding over the seasons, are attended by music; and a select choir was annually sent to sing the honours of Apollo, at Delos, by the chief cities of Greece. Music proclaimed the birth of Christ; and Milton makes it to have a salutary effect even upon the fallen angels. Forming one of the principal ceremonies, in the Catholic worship, most cathedrals have bands, well appointed, and organs of great power.

When we listen to soft and gentle vibrations, they accord with our sentiments of love and friendship; they awaken ideas of tranquillity, and recal

to our imagination scenes, which have delighted us in a lovely and romantic country. Do we hear rural music?—Instantly are we transported to those scenes, where the shepherd is seen reclining under a hawthorn!—Do we listen to wilder strains?—The river rushes down the valley, lingers along the vale, or washes the wall of a solitary ruin.—Who, that has reposed on the banks of the Arno, or the Brenta, hears an air of Italy, without wafting himself to the vales of Tuscany, the ruins of Bassano, or the four convents of Venice?—Who, that is charmed with the melodies of Scotland, permits not his mental eye to rest upon the lake of Loch-Leven, the glens of the Grampians, or the summit of Ben Lomond? The national airs of Ireland waft the native air of that fruitful soil to the waters of the Shannon; those of Wales to the romantic recesses of Snowdon, to the vale of Festning, or the banks of the Towy. —*Boston Evening Gaz.*

#### A SINGULAR FAMILY.

A remarkable transaction, and of which there exists no example, has just occurred in the Commune of Choisy, arrondissement of Clermont, in France.

A BROTHER and two sisters, united by similarity of habits, lived in a solitary house, surrounded by a considerable piece of ground, which they cultivated in common. They were of a respectable family, and their parents had given them a good education. One of the sisters had lived for some time in Paris, where she had acquired such a taste for the *toilette* as to eclipse the richest farmer's wives of her neighborhood. On returning, however, to live under the paternal roof, she speedily renounced her elegant dress, and clothed herself in the same garments as her brother and sister. The brother wore



neither stockings nor breeches, and was usually dressed in a long tunic of coarse cloth, fastened round the waist by a belt of straw. In winter he added to this habiliment some skins of animals. The costume of the sisters was much the same, except that instead of straw they used pieces of cord for their girdles. Internally their house exhibited the appearance of the most extreme wretchedness. There was neither bed, table, nor chair, nor any article of furniture whatever. The only things to be seen were a large wooden crucifix, and an old pail filled with muddy water, which served them for drink.—They slept together on the floor, and in cold weather, laid their heads so close to the embers in the fire-place, that the linen which served to cover them in lieu of night-caps, were frequently burnt.

In the month of ~~the~~ the brother died, and as the entrance to the house was generally ~~the~~ it was long before his death was known. The collector of ~~the~~ taxes, however, now finding whom he called, only the two sisters, began to entertain some suspicions, which he communicated to the Mayor of the Commune, who on his part, transmitted the information to the Superior Authorities.

Accordingly, on the 24th of June, M. Havey, the substitute of the king's attorney, visited the commune. On asking one of the women what was become of her brother, she coolly replied—*He is there.* Some straw, which covered the place pointed out, being carefully removed, there appeared the dead body of a man in a state of putrefaction, and which had been lying in the same spot for about six months. The two sisters declared that their brother died of old age and hunger, and that they lay down every night close to the corpse, in the hope, by prayer and fasting, to obtain

from heaven his resurrection, which they confidently expected.

The result of the investigation shewed that the two sisters tenderly loved their brother, and that it was as much from a desire of not separating from him, as from the hope of seeing him come to life, that they had so long preserved the body, without dreading the danger which might have been the consequence of such a proceeding.

Besides the superstitions practised by these strange beings, they had the most singular habits and notions; for example, they had laid it down as a principle that whatever God sent them ought to be preserved with care. On that account they kept numerous generations of dogs, pigs, bullocks, asses, &c. because they believed they would offend heaven if they killed one of these animals. Their garden exhibited the effects of the same system; all the young shoots of trees were preserved, and also every thing produced by seed.

These facts are authenticated by regular examination, and it was necessary they should have been thus proved, before credit could be given to the existence of so extraordinary a family so near to us and in a civilized country.—*French paper.*

#### FATAL EFFECTS OF SEDUCTION.

ABOUT 12 months ago, a beautiful country girl, 24 years of age, came to the metropolis upon the assurance of her friends that her qualifications would soon procure her a situation by which she would be enabled to contribute to the assistance of her parents more effectually than she could do in Somersetshire. Her education had not been neglected, and her manners and habits were the result of a constant and exclusive intercourse with her parents and friends.—She arrived in London,

but the hopes of those who loved her were disappointed in the very commencement of her career. It was impossible, with her very limited knowledge of the world, and her manners, which were objectionable from their extreme simplicity, to obtain a situation in which she would be recommended by the purity of her example: she was compelled by the approach of an exigency, which is seldom opposed by accident, to adopt herself to an occupation for which she was not well calculated as to strength, although completely so as to patience, and she became servant to a tradesman in Westminster. With an occasional claim upon her gratitude, for which he had given some cause, by shewing a tenderness for the delicacy of her constitution, he succeeded in breaking up all those principles by which she was supposed to be strongly protected—she became his companion by night, but continued his servant by day. The consequence was pregnancy. Her master, through caprice, was disgusted, and turned her out of doors: he, however, afforded her the necessaries of life, in order to keep his name from the parish. The poor girl could not endure such an accumulation of torments so long; she was heard to say, that she could find no comfort but in death; and, in conformity with this frantic lamentation, she resolved to put into practice her melancholy theory. She swallowed poison, and for the purpose of “wringing the bosom of her lover,” went, while under its operation, into his presence. She told him that she would trouble him no longer than a few moments, during which she would say her prayers before him, and take leave for ever. Even in this deplorable state, when she was upon the confines of eternity, she was, with unparalleled barbarity, or-

dered into the street; but from the shock of her feelings, and the effect of the poison, which began to shew themselves in all their terrors, he thought it prudent to countermand this order. Convulsions soon seized upon the unfortunate girl, and no surgical assistance was called in for eight or nine hours after the dose had been taken. She lingered for twenty-two hours, and then expired in the greatest agony. The corpse was in many parts as black as jet from the quantity of poison swallowed. An Inquest was held on the body on Friday se’night, which lasted for five hours, during which a great number of witnesses were examined. The verdict of the Jury was—*Died by taking poison, occasioned by despondency of mind, which caused a temporary insanity.*—*London paper.*

From the *Westkill Recorder*.

#### “SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.”

MANY are the motives which we have to “search the scriptures.” They contain the most ancient and interesting history among men, and that with more proofs of its authenticity than any other history whatsoever. They contain the most important moral and political truths, and the most profound maxims of prudence. There is no circumstance or condition of life but they reach—We can always hear their warning and their threatening voice while walking in the beguiling path of vice, and are as sure to hear their soothing accents when treading the manly road of virtue. With regard to their composition they are unrivalled. There is the neatly simple and the pure narrative, bearing in its forehead the mark of truth,

“And is, while unadorned, adorned the most.”

The beautiful there reigns conspic-

vous ; yet not more so than the magnificent and sublime, the *truly* sublime, which there extends its most awful and celestial wings. At that heavenly fountain,

"Above all Greek, above all Roman fame,"

The immortal Milton copiously drank.

—But the half is not yet told. These are all miner views—the trappings of the scriptures. *They are the words of the most high—the Revelation of Jehovah's will.*—Of this we have incontestible evidence. Then how should we prize them ! They give us the character of the true God—they give us the character of ourselves—They teach us that all external obedience profiteth nothing, unless influenced by a love to God—unless directed to his glory. That our *best* works are *imperfect* ; but that eternal justice can pardon us, thro' the *eternal sacrifice* alone. Let us then with reverence "search the scriptures."

*Brief Scripture Remarker.*

### VARIETY.

#### LADIES' DRESS.

'Lord what fuss there is in the world !' says a modern novelist. "When a lady is muffled up to the throat and her arms thrust into sacks like Bishop's sleeves, she calls herself *undressed*, and when she is *full dressed* she has scarce a rag to cover her. Well, a man cannot see too much of his bargain before he comes to make his purchase, certainly ; and if he gets a bad neck or a bad shoulder, it is no fault of the woman's. So that they deal as the Butcher, who has the face to show, in open day, necks and breasts and shoulders, and thinks no more of blushing about the matter than the ladies. Imprudence ! but any thing to stimulate the appetite is tolerated.

#### SINGULAR REQUEST.

On the will of a person who lately died in the West Riding of Yorkshire,

being opened, the following curious Codicil was found annexed to it:—"That whereas I have not been able to bequeath to my children sufficient to secure them from poverty, I desire that one hundred pounds be applied to the purchase of four tickets in the present State Lottery, and the amount, which I hope may be considerable, as I find it may amount to more than one hundred thousand pounds, be equally divided amongst them."

From the New-York Evening Post.

TO THE MEMORY OF MISS V----A B----, BY A FEMALE FRIEND.

Virginia sleeps ! the grave now shrouds the mortal part of her, whose virtues will be ever cherished and remembered by her weeping relatives and friends ! But weeping relatives and friends be comforted : Her spotless soul, freed from the shackles of mortality, now rests in the bosom of her God--- Happy spirit ! look down from the realms of eternal bliss on those who still thy memory love, console them with the happy prospect from the confines of eternity of anticipated Heaven. Comfort them with the blessed assurance of a joyful meeting, before the throne of Grace. Her virtues and her worth will meet their bright reward in that eternal world where, with an innumerable company of angels, she will join in loud hosannas to Him who will be her portion forever. Mourn not, afflicted mother, she rests in peace : her body, embraced by the cold and unrelenting tomb, waits for the coming of her Lord, and when the word shall be pronounced "time was, eternity now is," and the silent grave shall yawn, she will rise triumphant from the dust, clothed with celestial brightness, and exclaim in exulting rapture -- "Oh grave where is thy victory ? Oh death ! where is thy sting ? C---S---W---



## Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum

### THE SIGH.

"Once my fond heart with secret raptures glow'd ;  
Once, like a stream, my bosom bliss o'er-flow'd ;  
Nor thought my raptures like a fleeting dream,  
Or my bliss transient as the flowing stream :  
Delusive world ! who on thy smiles presume,  
Rear, unexpected, for their hopes a tomb—"

NOYES.

WHEN I cast back a glance on the days that  
are flown,  
Of pleasure's sweet moments gone by ;  
Of my innocent childhood when blest with a  
home,  
And the buds of affection so kindly did  
bloom,  
Then memory breathes forth *a sigh*.

When the sting of resentment ne'er liv'd in  
my breast,  
Nor sorrow's rill flow'd from my eye ;  
When the passions of fancy ne'er broke from  
their rest,  
And the senses of friendship were never  
distrest  
Nor pain'd with the force of *a sigh*.

When I ne'er knew of grief nor the sorrow  
she brings,  
Nor the wounds that misery fly ;  
But the coldness of friendship the bosom  
soothes,  
And on the fine feelings of nature then  
flings,  
The cloud that is wet with *a sigh*.—

When the passion of love had ne'er breath'd  
in my soul  
Nor hurried sweet sleep from my eye ;  
When the dictates of wisdom ne'er broke  
from control,  
And the days as they pass'd seem'd in  
pleasure to roll,  
Nor bore on their soft wings *a sigh*.

But, alas ! now how chang'd are the scenes  
of my age.

With pleasure's rill almost run dry ;  
And I read as I pass on life's cold hearted  
page,  
That I still shall know grief to eternity's  
stage,  
And still breathe a sorrowful *sigh*.  
Then all that I ask, and would wish to be  
given,  
Is friendship's pure tear from the eye,  
That beams the sensations of feeling still  
even,  
Tho' laid in the grave, and the soul gone  
to heaven,  
To wing forth a sensitive *sigh*.

ROLLA.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

### THE FORTUNATE BLACKSMITH.

YOUNG Vulcan long had aim'd a dart  
At fair Priscilla's iron heart,  
And, after all, with much ado,  
Hard work he had to pierce it through.

He swore, when he the maid caress'd,  
She carried *anvil* in her breast ;  
" *A heavy sledge, at least, said he,*  
Come hither friends, and pity me !"

What power shall melt this flinty maid ;  
This nymph of *steel* we should have said,  
What *bellows* shall its torrent cast  
To put love's furnace in a blast !

It made her blush, it hurt her pride  
In *steel* or iron to confide ;  
To *love*, to wed a hammering lad,  
The world, she guess'd, would think her  
mad.

He often threatened to be off,  
And drown him in the *tempering trough*,  
His life he purposed to destroy,  
And yet the nymph continued coy.

" A man that wrought at such a trade !  
I cannot bear an *iron blade* "  
She wanted *Gold*, that dearer ore,  
Which every nymph is hunting for.

At length, he drew a Lottery Prize !  
The *iron* melted in her eyes,  
The *anvil* from her breast she shoved,  
And said, your suit is now approv'd

The arrow that the nymph did win  
Was headed with a silver pin—  
And now approach'd the wedding day ;  
To church the lovers took their way :

The envy, *she*, of every maid,  
And *he*, an honour to his trade,  
While through the streets the note resounds,  
A blacksmith with a thousand pounds !

The Bride will look as black as night !  
May Spanish dollars make her white,  
May blacksmiths from this union rise  
And not their father's trade despise.

### TO THE GLOW-WORM.

From Mrs. Opie's Poems.

GEM of this lone and silent vale,  
Treasure of evening's pensive hour !  
I come thy fairy rays to hail,  
I come a votive strain to pour.

Nor chilly damps, nor paths untrod,  
Shall from thy shrine my footsteps fright ;  
Thy lamp shall guide me o'er the sod,  
And cheer the gathering mists of night.

Again thy yellow fire impart ; . . .  
Lo ! planets shed a mimic day ;  
Lo ! vivid meteors round me dart ;  
On western clouds red lightnings play !

But I disdain these garish fires  
Sporting on evening's sultry wing ;  
Thy humbler light my eye admires,  
Thy soft retiring charms I sing.

Thine is an unobtrusive blaze,  
Content in lowly shades to shine ;  
And much I wish, while thus I gaze,  
To make thy modest merit mine.

For, long by youth's wild wishes cast  
On the false world's tempestuous sea,  
I seek retirement's shore at last,  
And find a monitor in thee.

### THE SORROWS OF SABINA.

SEE where poor Sabina strays,  
Mark her sad and pensive gaze,  
Peace no longer known ;  
Doom'd misfortune's pangs to prove,  
Doom'd to pine with hopeless love ;  
Health and joy are flown.

Once the happiest of the fair,  
Ev'ry bliss was her's to share,  
Then she blithely sung,  
Friends and fortune now are fled,  
Her parents mingled with the dead,  
The knell of death has rung.

Rest on earth no more she'll find,  
Anguish probes her feeling mind,  
Jovless is her doom.  
But when death shall clasp her form,  
Ev'ry joy her soul shall warm,  
In realms beyond the tomb !

From the Nantucket Gazette.

### THE ORPHAN CHILD.

An extract from a volume of Original Poems  
preparing for the press.

THE lamp of life but slowly burns,  
I feel the hand of clay ;  
I soon shall visit those blest realms,  
Those regions far away !  
But, stay ; where is that Orphan face,  
Engaging, soft and mild ?  
Let me before I die embrace  
My little Orphan Child.  
Of Henry's love the only pledge,  
Bring to the bed of death :  
Thy mother's arms are weak my child,  
And feeble is her breath !  
But they who watch around my bed  
My latest fears beguil'd ;  
They would protect, they kindly said,  
My little Orphan child.  
Ye know not half the ills that wait  
Around my trembling frame ;  
I bow contented to my fate,  
And bless from whence it came :  
But when I press that Orphan face  
And see its grateful smile,  
I feign would live till rip'ning morn  
Had bless'd my Orphan Child.

### CHOICE OF A WIFE.

WHEN reading the Bachelor's choice of a  
Wife,  
Which by some is esteem'd an incumbrance  
of life ;  
It came into my head to intreat my best  
Muse  
To lend me assistance a Husband to choose.

If fate should determine me ever to wed,  
 By merit I chiefly would choose to be led :  
 Whate'er be his failings. I hope, if I can,  
 To be coupled for life with a sensible man ;  
 With discernment enough not to think me a  
 fool,  
 And with spirit sufficient to teach him to  
 rule ;  
 With a turn for religion, yet no *Devotee*;  
 Not too fond of himself, nor forgetful of  
 me ;  
 From whose conversation I hope to improve,  
 And instruction to meet in return for my  
 love.  
 I fix not on *person*, on *air*, or on *mien* ;  
 But would have in the whole the agreeable  
 seen—  
 Who with affable aspect, benevolent mind,  
 And a sprightly good humour, would al-  
 ways be kind.  
 If a man such as this can be easily got,  
 And, what's more unlikely, should fall to  
 my lot,—  
 If he ask'd me the question, I'd cheerfully  
 say,  
 That I'd study for ever to *love* and *obey*.

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1816

## Intelligence.

A Bordeaux letter of Aug. 5,---says,  
 " Politically speaking we are quite tran-  
 quil—not even a report enlivens the dull  
 scene for a moment. Now and then  
 we have news that a Conspirator or  
 two have been executed, but these pass  
 over without comment. The prophecy  
 that the end of the world was to have  
 arrived the 18th. of July, occasioned  
 some interest—But that too has gone  
 by.

" Business is quite at a stand here,  
 and the prospect gloomy : so that we  
 have little else to do but to attend to  
 economy.

" The season, as in America, has been  
 very unfavourable ; rain has descended  
 in torrents for several months. The  
 crops of wine and wheat will be very  
 scanty, and have excited some alarm.  
 In the North of Europe, however, the

weather has been fine and we hope for  
 supplies from that quarter in the event  
 of a scarcity.

" A vessel, arrived here from the U.  
 S. (the Elizabeth-Wilson, Captain Hub-  
 bard) with a cargo of tobacco---the go-  
 vernment not choosing to purchase, and  
 individuals not having the liberty, this  
 vessel is obliged to proceed elsewhere for  
 a market.

" No article of American produce  
 will pay a freight to this country except-  
 ing Pot-Ashes ; this article may net a  
 profit of from 10 to 15 per cent. if laid  
 in at 200 dollars per ton."

### STEAM BOAT AT CHARLESTON, S. C.

We are sorry it is our task to an-  
 nounce, that another fatal accident has  
 taken place on board a southern steam-  
 boat. On the evening of the 15th in-  
 stant, as the steam-boat Enterprize was  
 on her passage from Sullivans-Island to  
 Charleston, S. C. with about 70 passen-  
 gers on board, her boiler burst with a  
 tremendous explosion, by which acci-  
 dent two persons were instantly killed  
 outright, another so dreadfully scalded  
 that it was not supposed he would sur-  
 vive the day ; two black men were al-  
 so killed, and three more severely and  
 dangerously burnt. Several others were  
 slightly injured. Fortunately a rain had  
 compelled most of the passengers to  
 seek the cabin, where they happened  
 to be at the time of the explosion—  
*E. Post.*

*Island of Ice.* Captain Gooday, of  
 the ship Jones, arrived at this port in-  
 forms us, that on his passage from St.  
 Petersburg, on the 31st of August, in  
 the latitude of 46, 50, longitude 47, 54,  
 he saw an island of ice, from about a  
 mile to a mile and a half long, and from  
 fifty to seventy feet high. When first  
 seen it appeared like a white cloud.  
 We do not recollect ever to have heard  
 of ice being seen in the Atlantic Ocean  
 so late in the summer.—*Gaz.*

The storm which has recently show-  
 ered blessings upon our part of the coun-  
 try, (says an Albany paper of Sept. 20.  
 probably extended the whole length of



our Atlantic coast. It is worthy of remark, that it commenced at Norfolk and Richmond Va. on Friday the 6th inst at Philadelphia and New-York on Sunday the 8th, and at Albany and Boston not until Thursday the 12th. The prevailing wind was N. E. ; on the coast it blew a gale on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, and did considerable damage to shipping. The rain was most heavy to the south, and seems to have diminished towards the north and the interior. At New-York the rain continued with little intermission for about 180 hours. At this place we had 66 hours of rain during five days, and the water fell 7 1-10 inches. At Cambridge, 40 miles north, from the representations made to us the whole fall of water did not exceed an inch.—*Argus*.

Captain Grant, the renowned Irish robber, was on the 8th July found guilty and condemned to death, at Maryborough Assizes. He became very penitent before death.

A London paper relates a singular accident that lately took place there. A woman having been for some time past in a bad state of health, was in the habit of smelling to a small bottle ; and having her hand busily engaged at the moment, the bottle accidentally slipped into her mouth and stuck in her throat. Medical assistance was immediately procured, and the bottle was with great difficulty extricated ; but she lingered only a few hours, and died in extreme agony.

The body of a new born infant, wrapped up in a black silk handkerchief, was found on Thursday morning on the Battery, near the Flag-staff. It is believed the child was left there alive by its unnatural mother, to conceal her shame, and that it perished before morning.

A coroner's inquest which sat on the body, have brought in a verdict of wilful murder, against some persons unknown.

## NUPTIAL.

### MARRIED.

By the rev. Dr. Milledoler, capt. Nathan Cobb, to Miss Helen Wardell, daughter of John N. Wardell, of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Shaeffer, Mr. Andrew Cheeseborough, merchant, to Miss Margaret Moore, daughter of Mr. Blaze Moore, all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. G. C. Langdon, merchant, to Miss Amelia Green, daughter of Mr. Isaac Green, of Greenwich.

By the rev Mr. Milnor, Mr. Ambrose Crane, merchant, to Miss Hannah Maria Phenix Waldron, daughter of the late Alexander S Waldron, esq.

By the rev. Dr. Bowen, Mr. William Gallop, to Miss Sarah Shannon, daughter of the late John Shannon.

## OBITUARY.

The City Inspector reports the death of 47 persons during the Week ending on the 21st inst.

### DIED.

Mrs. Ann Smith, wife of Mr. Gershom Smith, in the 33d year of her age.

Mr James Gibson, aged 63.

Mr. Samuel Wigton, aged 80.

Mr. David Raynor, aged 36.

At his residence at Hurl-Gate, L. I. Richard Lawrence, esq.

Miss Sally Stoddard, in the 20th year of her age.

Mr. Nathaniel Sawyer, aged 22.

Mr Lewis Dobbs, aged 19.

Mrs Rebecca Brown, relict of the late Samuel Brown.

Mr William M'Kay, printer, aged 27.

Capt Robert M. Kearny.

Mr James Devermand, aged 46.

At Rye, Mrs. Sarah Horton, consort of J. H. Horton of this city.

At White Plains, the 8th of Aug. last ; Elijah Purdy, esq. in the 90th year of his age. Ten children followed him to his grave, the youngest 40 years of age.

At Charleston, (S. C.) Gen. Joseph Alston, late Governor of that state, aged 38.

At the same place, Miss Elseq Navafre, aged 17, a native of this city.

## SAILOR'S EXERCISE.

Some readers fond of amusement, will be glad to run over the following paragraph from a *Barbadoes* paper, respecting a new corps of sea fencibles established there, in which various *sea phrases* are successfully applied :

"MY LADS—the first thing you have to do, is to answer to your names; when you hear the word "attention" you must bring both the starboard and larboard heels to bear together, keeping your jib stays taught bowsed up, and square your shoulders by the lifts and braces, clapping both your fists against your bends, one and all at the same moment, till the words "stand at ease," when the hollow of the starboard foot must be smartly backed a-stern of the heel of the larboard one—you must also clap an over-hand knot upon your fists athwart your bread-bag; after coming to attention, at the words "shoulder arms," rouse Brown Bess by the middle, and bowse her up from the lower tier of the starboard side to the larboard bow, keeping a good look out that she don't make a lee-lurch and capsize, otherwise you'll be apt to knock out your mess mate's top-lights; at the words "secure arms," the starboard arm which is now fast to the starboard bends, must go athwart your bread-bag, in order to seize Brown Bess by the breech, clapping your larboard fists to her midships—be sure to heave her muzzle a head, so that her breech will come right under your larboard wing, so as to secure her fire works from squalls, no tarpaulings being allowed; after shouldering—at the words "present arms," you slew Bess half round, and seize her with the starboard fist, then fetch her up betwixt your two top-lights, so that your flying-jib-boom will be two inches from her midships—be sure to back

the hollow of the starboard foot a-stern the heel of the larboard one, during this motion; after bringing Bess from the larboard bow, the next is 'advance arms,' both of the two first motions of which, are the same as "present," but at the third, you heave her alongside of the starboard bends, seizing the guard with the starboard fist so as to secure her alongside;—so much for one lesson.

COMMODORE OAKUM.

## ANECDOTE OF CHARLES JAMES FOX.

Juvenal says, that the greatest misfortune attendant upon poverty is ridicule. Fox found out a greater—debt; the Jews called on him for repayment. Ah, my dear friends, says Fox—I admit the principle; I owe you the money; but what *time* is this when I am going upon *business*? Well, the Jews departed—they returned to the charge. "What," cries Fox, "is this a *time* when I am engaged on an appointment."—The Jews departed, but, the end of it was, Fox with his secretary, Mr. Hare, who was as much in debt as he was, shut themselves up in garrison. The Jews used to surround his habitation at day light, and Fox regularly put his head out of the window with this question; "Gentlemen, are you *Fox* hunting, or *Hare* hunting this morning?" His pleasantry mitigated the very Jews. "Well, well Fox—now, you have always admitted the principle but always protested against the *time*—we will give you your own *time*; only just fix some final day for our payment."—"Ah, my dear Moses," replied Fox, "now this is friendly; I take you at your word; I will fix the day, and as it's to be a final day, what would you think of the day of judgment." That will be too busy a day with us.—Well, well, in order to *accommodate* all parties, let us settle it *the day after*.